

## cat & dog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28586793) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28586793>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hybrids</a> , <a href="#">dog hybrid dream</a> , <a href="#">cat hybrid george</a> , <a href="#">Mating Cycles/In Heat</a> , <a href="#">ruts</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Power Bottom George</a> , <a href="#">Knotting</a> , <a href="#">Multiple Orgasms</a> , <a href="#">excessive use of the nickname "kitty"</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-06 Words: 4194

## cat & dog

by [luckylikeyou](#)

### Summary

Dogboy Dream has an issue with his rut and catboy George helps.

### Notes

summary juice empty.... but anyways with the sheer amount of dogboy/catboy content on my tl, this had to be done. hope yall enjoy

Dream has been weirdly clingy lately. He's already a touchy person in general, but recently the dog hybrid has been hanging off of George's shoulder every chance he gets, lying on top of him, even playing with George's tail. He's been acting like an actual puppy with how clingy and demanding he has been, pouting when George hasn't paid him any attention in the last ten minutes.

"Dream, I'm trying to focus. Can you go somewhere else?" George complains.

Dream whines like a child from where he's standing behind George. He has been trying to get George to ditch his homework and come watch Youtube with him, but George is set on finishing this assignment today.

George can hear the pout in Dream's voice as he says, "But you've been working on it for hours. Please come sit with me?"

George begins to tell him off when Dream's hands suddenly come to rest on top of his head. His frustrated words die out in his throat as Dream's fingers begin to pet his hair and massage at the base of his cat ears. Having been friends for five years and roommates for two, Dream knows exactly what buttons to push to get what he wants. Despite how hard he tries to suppress it, George can feel himself start to purr, the soft rumbling in his throat getting louder as Dream pets his ears.

"Fine, fine, I'll come sit with you."

George turns around in his computer chair to see Dream grinning, his tail wagging happily behind him. He runs off to go sit in George's bed, leaning up against the headboard and patting the mattress next to him. George sits beside him, putting an inch or two of space between them, but Dream quickly scoots closer so they're side by side.

He pulls out his laptop and pulls up a bunch of Minecraft videos showcasing plugins or mods that he wants to install on their survival world. George listens halfheartedly, his mind still stuck on the assignment he has yet to finish.

He barely registers Dream shifting uncomfortably next to him. He finally looks up from the screen to see that Dream's face is flushed red.

"Are you okay?" George asks in concern.

"I don't know, I feel really hot," Dream says, and George can feel the heat radiating off of him. He holds the back of his hand up to Dream's forehead, and he's scorching hot.

"Dream, you're burning up." George watches as Dream pulls the collar of his shirt away to try and get more cold air on his body. "Do you think you have a fever?"

"I don't know," he repeats. "My body is aching."

George's eyebrows furrow in concern and he grabs the laptop off of Dream's lap, setting it aside. He jumps off the bed and shuffles towards the bathroom, opening up the medicine cabinet and digging around. He checks each bottle, looking for something that reduces fevers, but he can't seem to find any. He sighs in frustration and heads back to his room.

He walks in to see Dream looking much worse, leaning back against the headboard with a red face and heavy breathing.

"I couldn't find any medicine to reduce fevers," George says. "I'm gonna go run to the store to pick some up, okay? It won't take me ten minutes."

Dream just nods his head while still panting and watches George walk out the door.

...

As soon as George steps back into his apartment, he is hit with a strong, overpowering heady scent. He almost stumbles with the intensity, and he immediately feels hot all over. He drops the bag containing the medicine on the counter and hesitantly tiptoes towards his room, searching for the source of the scent. George has to pinch his nose shut as he opens the door. His eyes widen dramatically at the sight he sees on his bed.

Dream is sprawled out on his bed, completely naked, the sheets and comforter kicked all the way down to the footboard. George spots Dream's clothes strewn across the floor, looking damp with sweat. His gaze falls back on Dream's body, and as much as he wants to look away and respect his privacy, his eyes are glued to the indecent scene in front of him.

Dream is lying on his side, eyes closed, stroking himself and whimpering every time he drags his thumb over his tip. George can see a wet stain on the sheet next to him, and his jaw drops when he realizes that it's *come*. A lot of it, and there's even more wetness dripping from Dream's tip as he rapidly jacks himself off.

*Fuck*, George thinks. He must be in rut. It's obvious now that he thinks about it, the clingy possessiveness Dream had been exhibiting as of late and the raised body temperature. He doesn't know how he didn't see it earlier.

Dream's nostrils flare and suddenly his eyes snap open. He must have smelled George walking in, which George finds impressive considering the sheer amount of Dream's own pheromones filling the room.

"*Kitty*," Dream croaks out, never stopping the movement of his fist.

"Dream, what's going on? Are you in rut?" George asks even though the answer is obvious. Dream doesn't respond, he just whimpers and shuts his eyes again. George hesitantly walks over to him, leaning down so he can see Dream's face (and forcing himself not to stare at Dream's drooling cock).

"Hey, talk to me. Are you okay?"

George is trying his hardest not to squeeze his legs together, but the pheromones are beginning to heavily affect him now. He takes a hand and grabs Dream's shoulder, trying to get his attention. To George's sheer disbelief, as soon as he touches Dream, he moans and spills come all over the already dirty sheets. He sits there in shock as Dream's body convulses while he comes down from his high, his cock still remaining as hard as it was before.

"It hurts," Dream whines, his hand slowly beginning to drag up and down his cock once more.

George's entire body is burning now, his blood feels like pure electricity coursing through his veins. He knows it's only a matter of time before he starts leaking slick.

"Help me, kitty, *please*," Dream asks pathetically.

George is torn. He doesn't want to ruin their dynamic; having sex would *definitely* change the relationship between them, and George doesn't like change. But here Dream is in front of him, begging and pleading for help. If he refuses, he would be leaving Dream here desperate and in pain the next twenty-four hours. He knows Dream would never ever force him into anything, but ignoring his needs seems almost cruel.

"Fuck, Dream," George says, finally removing his fingers from where they were pinching his nose shut. The smell immediately hits him like a train, almost making his knees buckle. Dream looks up at him with pleading eyes, hazy with arousal.

"Please, hurts," he begs.

George knows that no matter how many times Dream comes, it's gonna hurt until he finally knots something and satiates his rut. He feels arousal stirring in his gut at the thought of Dream knotting him. George muffles a groan when he finally feels slick begin to leak out of him.

"Fine, I'll help you," George says with a strained voice.

Dream's cloudy eyes suddenly brighten, and George watches as his tail wags happily, thumping on the bed with each movement. He quickly sits up and grabs for George's pants, pulling him forward

by his belt loops. George grimaces as Dream's come covered hand hastily fiddles with the button of his jeans, smearing all over the fabric. He quickly swats Dream's hands away.

"I'll help you, but we go by my rules," George commands. Dream whines pathetically, his wagging tail slowing down. George narrows his eyes and gives him a dangerous look. "You listen to me or I leave you here."

Dream whines again and hangs his head sadly. His hands are twitching at his sides, desperate to touch George.

"I'll listen to you, kitty, I promise. Please help me."

George nods and begins removing his clothes. Dream's lustful eyes watch his every movement, his hand having crept back to his cock and begun to stroke himself again. George pulls his shirt off over his head, letting it drop down to the floor. He unbuttons his jeans and drags both his jeans and boxers down, stepping out of them. Dream is staring at him in a way George has never seen from him before. His eyes are half lidded and he looks like he's going to start drooling any second. His gaze falls down between George's legs, and George already knows he's staring at the wetness on his thighs.

"Stop touching yourself," George commands. Dream looks like he's about to cry as he reluctantly removes his hand and rests it on his thigh, fist clenching and unclenching restlessly.

"Good boy," George says, patting Dream's head who just looks up at him with dark eyes. "Sit at the foot of the bed."

Dream shuffles down to the end of the bed, his hands still itching to touch himself and relieve the burning inside of himself. George watches with satisfaction as Dream follows his orders, sitting politely at the foot of the bed and resisting the urge to touch his red, leaking cock. George crawls on the bed as well, propping a pillow up against the headboard and leaning back.

Dream's gaze follows George's hand as it reaches down to touch himself. He's been hard practically since he stepped into the room. George muffles a moan as he strokes himself while Dream squirms impatiently at the foot of the bed, his tail twitching behind him.

"Kitty, you're supposed to be helping me," Dream complains.

"And you're supposed to be following my orders. Don't speak."

Dream opens his mouth to protest but then shuts it again. George smirks. He loves the control he has over Dream right now, it's exhilarating having a whole 6'3" dog hybrid in rut bending to his will. He rubs himself a little more, and then removes his hand. He sits up and leans forwards towards Dream, holding his hand out.

"Suck on my fingers," George commands.

He moans at the enthusiasm Dream has as he takes George's fingers into his mouth, wetting them with as much saliva as he can. He's like an actual dog with how messy and sloppy he licks at George's fingers, completely desperate and out of his mind. George tries to pull his fingers out of Dream's mouth but he just chases them, leaning forward and licking between each finger.

"Down, boy," George says, amused. Dream reluctantly lets George remove his fingers, a trail of spit following them. George leans back against the headboard, his now wet fingers snaking down towards his hole. Normally he would use lube, but he's already leaking so much slick that combined with the saliva, he decides that it will be enough.

George lets his head fall back as he pushes a finger inside himself. He's already relatively loose, Dream's rut having triggered him to relax and start producing slick. His breathing is starting to get heavy as he works his fingers inside himself, stretching himself open. George feels himself start to purr, the soft rumbling emitting from his throat while he fucks himself on his fingers.

"Can I please touch you?"

While George was busy getting lost in the pleasure of stretching himself, he had nearly forgotten about Dream, who was still kneeling patiently at the foot of the bed. He looks like he's about to combust, his fingers twitching and shaking where they sit on his thighs, refusing to touch his own aching cock.

George hums like he's contemplating his answer. "Mm, you wanna touch me? Wanna fuck me open on your fingers?"

George grins at the growl that rips through Dream's throat. He's twitching and squirming nonstop at this point, his gaze switching between George's face and where George's fingers are buried deep inside himself.

"Bet you wanna hold me down—ah, push your fingers inside me and make me scream," George taunts. "You wanna stretch me open then push inside, fuck me until I'm crying on your knot."

"*Kitty*," Dream groans, his tail lashing wildly behind him.

"Come here, stupid mutt," George commands, pulling his fingers out of himself. He laughs at Dream's desperation as he quickly scrambles up the bed, crawling towards George. "Lay down," he instructs.

Dream takes George's spot, lying down with his upper half loosely propped up against the headboard, pillow cushioning his head. Dream groans deep in his throat as George slings one leg over his lap, positioning himself so that he's straddling Dream's thighs.

Dream keens as George wraps his fist around Dream's cock, stroking him languidly. His hands fly up to grab at George's waist before suddenly stalling just inches away from his skin. He looks up at George with pleading eyes.

"Waiting for permission?" George coos, and Dream nods his head. "Go ahead."

Dream's twitching hands finally grab hold of George's waist, gripping his hips tight enough to bruise. His fingernails dig into George's skin every time he pumps Dream's cock, his hips jerking up into George's fist.

"So desperate," George teases, the hand that's not jerking Dream off coming to rest in his hair, petting his floppy golden ears.

"Let me fuck you," Dream demands through gritted teeth.

"What did I say, mutt? We go by my rules," George says, tightening his grip on Dream's dick and relishing in the low whine it draws from Dream's throat. "I'm gonna ride you, and I get to say when you're allowed to come."

Dream growls slightly, but he doesn't protest further. He uses his grip on George's hips to guide him forward until George is hovering over his cock. George would reprimand him for it, but he's just about as impatient for it as Dream is.

“Please, kitty, can I please put it in? It hurts so bad,” Dream whines, his hips jerking slightly as his dick brushes against George’s hole, still waiting for permission.

George doesn’t give him an answer, instead using the grasp he has on Dream’s cock to line it up with his entrance and begin sinking down on it. George grins as he feels Dream’s fingers grip his hips harder, his face twisting up in pleasure. From the twitching in his wrists, George knows that Dream is holding back from just using the hold on his hips to force George all the way down his cock.

George is glad he’s taking it slow, because Dream is *big*. His thighs are trembling as he sinks down on Dream’s cock inch by inch. Dream is a sight to behold underneath him, sweaty hair plastered to his red face, eyes closed in pleasure, arms tensed in an attempt to hold himself back from pushing George down. When George finally reaches the base, he can feel the beginnings of Dream’s knot forming.

“So fucking *tight*, kitty.”

One of Dream’s hands slides around to George’s back, gently massaging the base of his tail. He pets it while George sits on his cock, waiting to get used to the size before he moves. George’s tail swishes behind him in content, curling sweetly around Dream’s arm. He’s purring again as he slowly lifts himself up and drops back down onto Dream’s cock.

“Mm, you’re so big,” George purrs. “You fill me up so good.”

Dream’s hips jerk as he fucks up into George without warning, forcing a choked out moan from George’s throat. He stops moving, threading his fingers through Dream’s hair and forcing him to make eye contact. The man is wearing a cocky blissed out grin while he pets George’s tail gently, acting like he didn’t do anything wrong.

“D-did I give you permission to do that?” George asks in a shaky voice, head clouded with lust. He wanted to sound more fierce and powerful, but the way Dream is stroking his tail while deep inside him has his head spinning.

“No, you didn’t,” Dream exhales.

“Don’t do it again,” George half attempts a threat, but he’s too busy pulling up all the way and fucking himself back down onto Dream’s cock. George is so wet that there’s zero resistance as he rides Dream, hands splayed out on Dream’s stomach to keep him steady. He can feel the slick smearing on his thighs and Dream’s pelvis, probably combined with Dream’s precum. He purrs louder at the thought of Dream’s come inside of him.

“Feels good, Dreamie?”

George watches in satisfaction as Dream’s eyes roll back when he slams his hips down roughly. His fingernails are digging red crescents into George’s hips; it’s painful, but George finds himself enjoying it. He loves the fact that he’s the one making Dream feel like this, out of his mind in pleasure.

“Yes, god it feels so good. You’re so good, Georgie, so fucking tight,” Dream moans. George can feel the heat radiating off of Dream’s skin as he rides him.

George lets out a whorish moan when Dream hits that one spot inside of him, legs trembling. He rocks his hips, grinding down on Dream’s cock to consistently hit that spot over and over. Every time George takes Dream in to the hilt, he can feel Dream’s knot growing bigger. It’s beginning to

catch on his rim each time he thrusts in and out.

“Does the puppy want to knot his kitty?”

Dream’s eyes snap open at George’s words and his body sears with arousal at the look on Dream’s face. He looks animalistic at the thought of knotting George, chest heaving with heavy breaths and a crazed look in his eyes.

“Yes,” Dream moans, “Wanna knot you so bad, *need* to knot you, kitty.”

“I know, Dreamie. I know how much you want to fuck up into me, knot me and fill me up with your come,” George coos, grinning when Dream tightens his grip on his tail and throws his head back.

His knot has almost swollen to full size now; George can’t sink down to the base anymore or else it will get lodged inside him, and he doesn’t want to give Dream the satisfaction of knotting him just yet. He keeps riding Dream, but stops just above Dream’s knot instead of bottoming out.

“George, I need to knot you,” Dream repeats through gritted teeth.

“Oh, so you *need* it, do you?” George taunts. “I don’t think you need it, I could always just ride you until I come and then leave you here.”

Dream lets out a growl at the thought. George isn’t going to leave him, it would be cruel to not satiate Dream’s rut after all of this, but that doesn’t mean he doesn’t get satisfaction from Dream slowly losing his composure at his empty threats. He lowers himself until Dream’s knot is pressing right against his hole but still not pushing in.

“I want you to beg for it,” George says, out of breath from riding Dream for so long. His thighs are aching with the strain of fucking himself up and down on Dream’s cock, so he takes a moment to sit there and catch his breath. His tail swishes lazily behind him, brushing against Dream’s bare legs, causing him to flinch.

Dream shuts his eyes tight and lets out a low groan before opening them back up to meet George’s gaze. George shivers at the look that Dream is giving him. He’s so gone, his pupils blown out so much that the green of his eyes is barely visible, and his floppy ears are pinned back on his head in frustration.

“Please let me come,” Dream pleads.

“You can do better than that, mutt.”

“Please, kitty, *please* let me knot you. I need it so bad, it hurts so much, please make it go away.”

George grinds down slowly, feeling Dream’s knot start to stretch his rim, but still not letting it all the way in. He grins sadistically at Dream’s pained expression. He should just give in and let Dream knot him, but he feels like pushing his luck tonight.

“You haven’t convinced me yet, I think you’re gonna have to beg some more.”

A low, guttural growl rips through Dream’s throat, and before he realizes it, Dream has used his grip on George’s waist to grab him and flip him around, switching their positions so that George is lying flat on his back with Dream on top of him. He is bewildered as Dream leans over him, a hungry look burning in his eyes, and starts fucking into George hard.

“D-Dream! You’re not supposed to—*ah*,” George is cut off by his own moans as Dream pounds into him. He can feel Dream’s knot pushing hard at his hole, threatening to force its way in with every thrust.

“I’m sorry, kitty, I couldn’t wait any longer,” Dream says through gritted teeth, and George thinks he might even sound truly apologetic.

George’s nails dig into Dream’s biceps as he gets fucked into the mattress. Dream must have been pent up from all the teasing George had done, because he is showing absolutely no mercy as he thrusts into George’s slick-dripping hole. George can only lie there and take it as Dream uses him to finally get off, channeling all of his built up frustration into railing his kitty into the bed.

“‘M sorry, couldn’t take it anymore, I have to come,” Dream pants.

George wants to reply, but his breath is getting knocked out of him with each movement. Dream is hitting his prostate with every thrust, he feels like he’s about to tip over the edge as well. Dream looks fucking godly above him, body straining with the exertion of chasing his climax.

“F-fuck, Dream, *knot me*,” George demands, and Dream delivers.

Dream thrusts into him one last time as he pushes himself flush against George, trying to force his knot inside. George moans at the feeling, Dream’s thick knot stretching him further than ever before. He feels like he’s about to break in half as Dream keeps pushing and forcing his knot into his hole. The sheer amount of slick leaking from George aids to ease the resistance as Dream jerks his hips, finally seating his knot all the way inside George.

As Dream does so, his still expanding knot presses harshly against George’s prostate, and that’s all it takes to make George snap. His orgasm wrecks his entire body, making him gasp and tremble violently as he comes all over his stomach and chest. Dream has half the mind to reach down and stroke him through it, milking his come out of him and leaving his skin painted white. George lies there, taking in the aftershocks before Dream starts to move again.

He roughly grinds his knot inside of George’s sensitive body, thrusting shallowly a few times before finally climaxing. George’s eyes roll back as he feels Dream finally come, spilling copious amounts of come inside him. His toes curl at the sensation of Dream pumping his come inside of him, still rolling his hips slowly as he does, pressing gentle kisses to George’s neck. He feels so *full*, completely stuffed with Dream’s knot and come.

“Fuck, I can feel it inside me,” George moans.

“Feel what?” Dream rasps out, his breath hot where he’s kissing George’s throat.

“Feel your come, feel it filling me up, there’s so *much*,” George pants. He wants to laugh when he sees Dream’s tail wagging happily behind him, obviously enjoying George’s contentment at being knotted.

He lies there while Dream’s grinding hips begin to slow down, finally riding out the last of his orgasm. As George basks in his post-orgasm haze, he hears a low humming in his head. He just assumes that it’s his ears ringing from the electrifying orgasm, but then he realizes that he’s purring softly.

Dream’s tail is still wagging behind him as he removes his face from George’s neck and gives him a blissed out smile.

“Sorry I didn’t follow your rules, kitty,” he says, but he doesn’t look sorry.



“Mm, whatever,” George mumbles, already feeling sleepy. “We both got an orgasm out of it.”

Dream grabs George around the waist and rolls both of them so that Dream is flat on his back and George is lying on top of him, legs wrapped around his waist, still stuck on his knot. George’s tail is swishing happily behind him as he purrs in content. When he shifts to get more comfortable, a low moan escapes him at the feeling of Dream’s come stuffing him full.

“How long will we be stuck like this?” George mumbles against Dream’s sweaty chest.

“About an hour,” Dream says, one of his hands snaking up to find its place on George’s head, gently petting his cat ears. His other hand hooks under George’s thigh and squeezes it gently.

As George purrs in content, his tail curling gently around Dream’s arm, he thinks he wouldn’t mind staying like this forever.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!